

# Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

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IS ON MAIN STREET, OVER  
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They would be pleased to wait on all who may call on them.

## The Bad Boy.

[Peach's Sun.]

"I guess the neighbors will be mighty glad when you folks go off to Florida," said the groceryman to the bad boy as he came in with a linen duster on, and stamped the snow off his feet. "Such carryings on as you had in church last Sunday night. The minister was in here this morning and he says he don't know what to think of your family. He says your pa was taken with hydrophobia in church, and frothed at the mouth, and barked like a dog, and the deacons had to take him out and sit down on him. What did it mean, and what in thunder you got on a linen duster for in the middle of winter?"

"I am wearing this duster to get accustomed to it. When we go south we shall have to wear palm-leaf clothes all the time," and the bad boy wrapped the tails of the duster around his cold legs and backed up to the coat stove. "But you'd a dicker if you had been in our pew Sunday night. You see I was reading in a paper about how the senators in Washington amuse themselves, and there was a story about Wade Hampton's joke on Senator Garland. Hampton eats caramels, and Garland always comes along and takes caramels off Hampton's desk, and so forth er day Hampton took a piece of brown soap and whittled it just the size of a caramel and wrapped it in a glazed paper and laid it on his desk, and Garland eat it. It tickled me, and I thought of pa in a minute. When we go to church pa gets nervous, cause he can't smoke, and he always wants to be chewing something, and as I always have some candy or something in my pocket, pa reaches in my pocket on the sly, when he is watching the minister, gets a gum drop or something, and chews all through meeting. I don't think it's right for an old man to chew in meeting, anyway. So I took a piece of soap and fixed it just as Senator Hampton did, and put it in the pocket next to pa. In the other pocket I had some sure enough caramels, 'cause I did not want to get the soap myself. I was chewing right along, and pa stood it until the minister gave out the social notices, and prayed, and when we stood up to sing pa he nudged me for candy. I was busy finding which song they were singing, 'cause they all look alike in the hymn book, and when they got on the last verse pa nudged me again, and I kind of winked my left eye and glanced down toward my pocket, and pa he had his hand in here quicken a wink, and he took the brown soap caramel and had it in his mouth in no time, and then the choir got to the home stretch, as pa says, and we sat down. I guess pa bit right through the soap the first round, for he snorted and said 'yah,' and I guess that was what they thought sounded as though he barked like a dog. Everybody looked at him, so he couldn't spit out the soap, and he held on to it. An old maid, who sits in front of us turned right around and looked at pa as though he was a dime museum curiosity, and she never took her eyes off of him. I think a woman ought to keep her eyes off of a man long enough to let him spit out a chunk of soap. Well, you ought to have seen me look at the minister when he gave out the text, 'our folks always complain 'cause I don't remember the text, so I was bound to commit it to memory if I busted. I dashed look at pa for fear I would snort out right out, but I peeped out of the corner of my eye, and he turned red and white and blue, and he tried to keep from swallowing the soap suds. I thought I should catnip and quill-wheel, right there on the floor. Pretty soon the soap suds and foam began to show in pa's lip and moustache, and he looked awful. I tell you. Everybody was looking at him, and the minister stopped and looked over his spectacles, and just then pa couldn't stand it no longer, and he got up and said 'yah' and walked over some of my feet and got out in the aisle and he walked toward the vestibule real fast like a man in a hurry to get somewhere, and the soap was making lather enough to shave with, and his upper lip was covered, and everybody looked at him. The deacons followed him out, and the ushers got there just as he began to throw lather on the carpet, and he coughed and sputtered, and they thought he was mad for sure, and they grabbed hold of his arms, and as he struggled to get his hand in his coat tail for his handkerchief they said, 'Don't let him bite you—don't let him get hold of his revolver!' and they scuffled till pa could get the taste out of his mouth so he could speak, and then he said it was all right, he had eaten a caramel and didn't know it was loaded. Then all was quiet, and the minister went on with the sermon, and pa went to the hydrant and turned the hose on his mouth, and after awhile he came in and sat on a back seat, and after church I didn't see him. I hadn't seen him yet, 'cause I asked him before church if I couldn't go and stay all night with my chum, and he said I could. If you was in my place how would you explain that soap business to pa? I don't want to deceive him and tell a lie. I guess I will tell him 'it is believed to be the work of an incendiary,' and then run. Well I must go out and get accustomed to this linen duster, before we go to Florida," and the bad boy went out on a hop, skip and jump, while the groceryman looked at him as though he would like to murder him in cold blood.

with a smile, led her to the clergyman, and in five minutes from the time of the interruption they were made man and wife. It proved to be a good match.

## OBITUARY.

On February 11th, at 3 P. M., Charles Watkins yielded to the summons, took his flight beyond to a better world. A young man who had just ushered into manhood, full of promise beautified with every characteristic the make up of a gentleman, he sought at all times to render his associates happy and contented. Sorely afflicted for several months, yet he bore his afflictions with fortitude, he passed away as quietly as the morning's dew. His demise fills the entire community with grief and sorrow. Every attention and comfort was given by his aged christian father and mother as well as friends. It is really a sore affliction to his father and mother, who are left to grieve for the loss of so promising and noble a young man. The writer of this can but shed a tear over the death of so kind and generous a gentleman. No young man ever developed more good traits and qualities than did Charles Watkins. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" early in life. His parents receive my greatest sympathy. MACK.

## CHURCH HILL.

ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

I note in a recent number of the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN your Newstead correspondent J. D. C. writing urging the importance of good roads. It is a lamentable fact that the citizens of Christian county are very much behind in progress and I fear they will not realize until too late, the importance of a little thrift upon their part. Good roads make in part good homes. They build up the county towns, they enrich the farmers, they lead to all branches of industry. They contribute to our home wealth and prosperity. There are some who oppose every spirit of public enterprise, but this is not the age for that class. Fossils should be laid upon the shelves with relics of the past and give place to those representing a new era. I hope for the sake of the county as well as for the convenience of the traveling public that ere long very important thoroughfares will be put under contract for macadamizing either by taxation or Stock Companies. If it is a county undertaking we share the advantages alike. If it be a private enterprise we pay for the benefit we derive therefrom. We may be sure of one thing and that is this new line of railroad being put through, and Hopkinsville will find a very large part of its industry, its wealth and its trade generally, will have come to other points. I repeat unless measure, very active measures are taken, before two years Hopkinsville will wake up some morning and find that it has been stripped of its best plumage. Let us have the pikes. Hopkinsville and the county will then wear the face of prosperity, manufacturing enterprises of all kinds will speedily follow, our merchants will do a large business, our warehousemen will be encouraged, our town will take on new life, all classes of trade will be benefited in a measure never experienced before. Let each businessman feel it incumbent upon him to make an effort, it is of vital interest to all.

Mr. John McReynolds has closed his school at Church Hill Academy. All the patrons were highly pleased with his system of teaching. Good luck to him. Church Hill is sadly in need of a good, well organized, well managed school. We are at the junction of three districts, none of which support a good school, but if all three could be concentrated at this point we would have a school that would justify the employment of several good and thoroughly qualified teachers, to say nothing of the scholars from a distance. I have been informed that \$1,200.00 has been subscribed with donation of one acre of land, why not begin with the amount subscribed and if the enterprise prove a success it will be an easy matter to add two or three more departments. I hope the matter may be considered by all interested and pushed through at an early day.

Quite a number from this neighborhood are attending the New Orleans Exposition. One very efficient, constant Mr. Gordon Hanbury, after a stay of some weeks in Texas, returned with his family last week. We hope he may find all here that he could ask or expected else where.

## A Druggist for 25 Years.

ATLANTA, ALA., Sept. 8, 1884. I am an old pharmacist and have had to do largely with blood diseases for over twenty-five years. I have dealt in all kinds of blood purifiers, and do not hesitate to say that Swift's Specific is the best and has given more general satisfaction than any other I have ever handled. Swift's Specific is an excellent tonic, and as an antidote for malaria has no superior. Many ladies are using it as a tonic for general debility, and find it the most satisfactory one ever used. I have been dealing in Swift's Specific for five years or more, and am satisfied that it does not place too high an estimate upon its merits.

## Prescribed By Physicians.

I have prescribed Swift's Specific in many cases of Blood Poison and as a general tonic, and it has made cures after all other remedies had failed.

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Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## When Tried Always Preferred.

When they once become acquainted with it, ladies invariably prefer Parker's Hair Balsam to any similar preparation. It cures itching scalp, promotes new growth, restores the original color, and has no rival as a dressing. Not a dye, not oily, highly perfumed. Only 50c. at druggists.

## Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine

For March.  
Begins a new serial story entitled, "What she Made of Her Life," especially written for its pages by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, of Cleveland Ohio. This story will continue for about eight months. A notably interesting and timely article is "Alaska, Past, Present and Future," with

## Re-Prints.

The balloon that will not go up is not good for ascent.  
Business men, as well as religious men, should beware of false prophecies.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule. You will soon find you are better off.

A man's domestic relations don't bother him half so much as the relations of his domestics.

A patient said of his doctor, "He gave me so much medicine that I was sick a long time after I got well."

A physician recently advised his patient to "live in the sun." The invalid wonders how he is to get there.

A boy's school out West has only two attendants. The nuns have recently swelled that number somewhat.

It was an Irish lover who said, "It was a great comfort to be left alone, especially when your sweetheart was with you."

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming," asked a stranger of an Iowa man. "Oh! we get wind of it," was the reply.

Among the most blessed of all contrivances of nature is that which prevents a man from being disturbed by his own snoring.

An ex-editor in Saginaw, Michigan, has become a barber. He wields the scissors as fluently as ever, but does more head-work now.

In commending a new burial casket, an editor assured his readers that no person who had tried one of them would ever use any other.

An exchange advises an inquirer as follows: "Don't buy a coach in order to please your wife, it is much cheaper to make her a little sulky."

An inquirer asks: What has given women the reputation of being such great talkers? "We don't know unless it is her mouth,"—Exchange.

Many of our city girls fail to follow the poet's admonition: "Learn to labor and to wait." They have learned to wait but not to labor.

A man had an attack of epilepsy in a tailor's shop, whereupon the rival tailor opposite remarked that "twas the first fit they had ever had there."

It is said that life is like a harness. It has traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, bridled tongues, and all have a tug to pull through.

"There's something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," responded the little girl, "it's tobacco."

"I'd like to know when you are going to pay me a bill, you owe me." "I'll run as long as I propose to." "Well, let the bill run a little while now, please."

An acquaintance of the other sex remarked to a woman: "I never heard of seven devils being cast out of a man." "No," was the reply; "they've got them yet."

An exchange says that "the man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child, has missed the cardinal joys of life."

A mathematical question. A gentleman while crossing the Brooklyn bridge met a beggar to whom he gave fifteen cents. He soon met another to whom he gave ten cents. What time of day was it? Answer—A quarter to two.

A student at Wesleyan College recently described a pillar of their auditorium which had been wound with an American flag, as a barber's pole—"emblematic," he said, "of the close shave some of the graduates had to get through."

"What do think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his lady friend. "Oh! it reminds me of a western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."

"Will you pull the bell?" she asked of a man across the aisle as the car reached the corner. "No, ma'am," he answered, "with a bow; but I will be most happy to pull the strap which rings the bell." Ah! but never mind! The strap is connected with two bells, and you might stop the wrong end of the car."

"Edward, what do I hear?—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down those steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys;' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

## The I. A. & T.

[Tobacco Leaf.]

Yesterday the first passenger train on the I. A. & T. R. R. running on schedule and for the transaction of general business, passed between this city and Kennedy, the station three-fourths of a mile from Hensleytown, Ky., and in future, a train will run daily, Sundays excepted, between these points. A time-table will be found in the proper place on the first page.

Kennedy, at present the terminus of the road, is fourteen miles from Clarksville. The station was named in honor of Mr. D. N. Kennedy, of this city, who is one of the largest subscribers to the road and has been one of its staunchest friends. At present there is only one station between Kennedy and Clarksville. This is Glenallen, ten miles out, on the farm of Maj. Thos. Henry. Glenallen was named for Miss Ellie Henry, the Major's oldest daughter.

There is now a force of fifty men engaged on the road, and track laying, which has been greatly retarded by the severe weather, is being pushed rapidly and Maj. Gordon expects to have the cars running to Garrettsburg by the 1st of March.

eight characteristic illustrations. Musical readers will be much gratified by "The Mossespaider and Volk-mann in 'The Sacred Musicians Series,'" "The Bach Bi-centennial," "The Music of The Rose of Sharon," and "Mr. Gladstone on Sacred Music." Dr. F. W. Conrad, of the Lutheran Observer, is the representative religious journalist depicted in this number. "Buddhist Worship and Liturgy" is an exceedingly interesting article, and many will be interested in "Beaconsfield and Gladstone," in which these two English statesmen are compared and contrasted. Dr. Talmage has a characteristic sermon, "From Dungeon to Palace," on the subject of Joseph, the same subject is treated in the "Glances at Bible History." There are many other good articles and poems, and fine illustrations, which we need not the space to particularize. Published by Mrs. Frank Leslie, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, at 25 cents a number, or \$2.50 a year postpaid.

## Clearing off Timber.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

A few weeks ago, wearied with my editorial duties, I lay my pen aside and went on a visit to my uncle, who owns a farm in a distant state. I am partial to rural life. Nothing would suit me better than to own a farm in the country. I hardly think a farm by the city would do. The horse man might run over your cows and the policeman break into your corn-crib and steal your corn.

Well, my uncle received me with open arms. Said he: "Parmenas, those heavy editorials that you wrote me were creating such a profound sensation in Europe are wearing you out. Better look out, my boy, and don't strain your brain too much—the top of your head may fly off some day."

"Enjoys of myself very much at Uncle Jim's. Nothing was too good for me—at least I thought so—and time slipped away very pleasantly. As cold weather approached the bracing air seemed to fill me with a desire to exercise my muscles, so one morning I remarked to Uncle Jim: 'Say, haven't you got some timber you want cleared off this winter? I'm an excellent chopper, and to see the chips fly and the giant oak fall crashing to the earth always fills one with unbounded delight. (Once, while in the army, I hacked down a few small cedars for firewood) Uncle Jim immediately got me an axe and piloted me to the worst looking piece of timber I had ever seen. Most of the trees were four feet in diameter, and the undergrowth was as thick as the hair on a dog. Besides there was an intricate network of wild grapevines woven in among the trees. Uncle Jim said: 'There, my boy, amuse yourself,' and left me.

After an hour's arduous toil I made a clearing around one of the largest oaks, spit on my hands and sailed in. I managed to get through the bark after awhile, and then sat down and gasped for breath. I knew now why a man's ribs are built so substantially; it's to keep wood-choppers' hearts from jumping through their breasts and bouncing off into the woods.

When night came I had made a hole in the tree about the size of the first cut in a cheese, and I felt next morning as if I had been run over by all the artillery and cavalry in the United States service.

I was three days felling that tree. I cut all around the confounded thing and then tried to push it down, but it stood there as firm as the proprietor of a one price store. I went to the house and secretly got an old rip-saw, and tried that on awhile, but no go. Another hour's superhuman efforts with the axe, however, made the stubborn old fellow topple and crack, and the next instant he fell with a crash that shook the earth from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. It fell across a new eight-rail fence and killed a cow that was grazing on the other side—killed her as dead as a dove oyster. I then sat down on a stump and shed the first solid tears I had shed in sixteen years. To think that I should toil and sweat and swear for three whole days just to knock \$50 out of my dear Uncle Jim's pocket!

I went sorrowfully to the house, and when the old gentleman came in he said: "Well how are you getting along?" "Got that big tree down," I replied. "Which way did it fall?" asked Uncle Jim. "Downwards," I answered, "and smashed four panels of fencing and gave an old spotted cow such a rap that her cud flew fifty feet. There's nothing salubrious about her now but her hide and horns; deduct the price of those and charge the rest to me."

Uncle Jim sank into a chair, leaned his head upon his hands, groaned dementally, and sighed, "Poor Spot!" Aunt Susan covered her face with her apron and sobbed, "Poor old Spot!" The children also set up a wail of lamentation. I was forced to go into the kitchen and take a smoke of the old man's tobacco to hide my emotion. Presently he came in and said: "Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk (it was spilled milk in this instance, sure enough); you can go right on and clean off that timber, work the trunks up into cord-wood and fence rails and the tops into firewood, and we'll say no more about it."

"No, uncle," I feelingly replied, "that would be too slight a remuneration; you must receive a more generous reward. I'll send you my paper for twenty-five years at \$2 a year. The next morning I came home. There's a coolness now existing between Uncle Jim and me.

## I Feel Better.

How cheerful a man looks when he is saying these words! And what a delightful thing it is to help to make him feel better! And what a privilege to know that ten thousand people all over the United States are today saying, "I feel better," because they have been taking Brown's Iron Bitters! Mrs. J. A. Edson of 38 Bedford St., Chicago, writes a more generous reward. I'll send you my paper for twenty-five years at \$2 a year. The next morning I came home. There's a coolness now existing between Uncle Jim and me.

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who have by fair dealing and low prices and good goods built up a large trade. Free delivery, and goods delivered at any time. Call and examine our stock.

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Learn that which will be of benefit to you when you become men and women.  
**THE EVANSVILLE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE**  
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MEETS THE DEMAND.

WE GIVE A THOROUGH and Practical Course in Book-Keeping, teaching the best and latest forms of books as used in the many different kinds of businesses.  
WE GIVE A THOROUGH Course in Business Penmanship.  
WE GIVE A THOROUGH and Practical Course in Short-Hand.  
WE GIVE A THOROUGH Course on Commercial Law.  
WE GIVE A COURSE of Business Training that is worth money to whoever takes it. OUR SCHOOL IS OPEN DAY AND NIGHT, and students can enter at any time.  
WE EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION to all who are interested in practical education.

**CURNICK & RANK, Principal**

(Dec. 20-1)

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He has just arrived and can be found on the corner of  
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HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A  
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**GROCERIES!**  
AND WILL SELL SO THAT ALL CAN LIVE.

**Give Him a Trial!**  
AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH HIS  
GOODS AND PRICES.

Corner Clay & Nashville Street.

## The Great Blood Purifier.



Dr. Samuel Hodges' Alternative Compound Sarsaparilla with Iodide Potash. The Compound is purely vegetable, each article of ingredient is perfectly harmless in itself, having been selected from roots and herbs possessing great medicinal properties, when combined forms a most powerful, efficient, and pleasant medicine for the removal and permanent cure of all diseases arising from an impure state of system, viz: Chills, Rheumatism, Scrofula or Kings' evil, Scald-head or Tetter, Chronic Sore Eyes, Old or Chronic Sores of all kinds, Boils, Pimples, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Primary and Secondary Syphilis, Nervous Debility, Liver Complaint, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, nervous and invigorates the system; acts gently on the bowels. As an appetizer and for general debility, it is a most excellent remedy.

**CAMPBELL BROTHERS, - - - Druggists,**  
Sole Manufacturers.

For sale by all druggists. Price \$1 per bottle, or 6 for \$5. Liberal discount to the trade.

Also Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of  
**ETHIOPIAN-PILE OINTMENT,**

A never failing remedy for Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Internal or Protruding Piles. Gives almost instantaneous relief, and will effect a permanent cure. Price \$1 per bottle or six for \$5.

**TESTIMONIAL:**  
This is to certify that I was afflicted with Piles for twenty years. I tried every remedy offered me. Finally used the Ethiopian Pile Ointment and found it the very best preparation I ever used. It gave me almost instant relief and has effected a permanent cure.  
J. D. A. IRELAND,  
Formerly of Gallatin, now of Breen, Phillips & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

**Campbell Bros. Druggists**  
**NASHVILLE, TENN.**





# FROM EGYPT.

## THE BRITISH FORCES STILL SCATTERED.

### The Facts About Gordon's Death.

Khart, Feb. 17.—Advices from Abu Klea, near Gubat, state the enemy is receiving guns and re-inforcements from Khartoum, and Mahdi has ordered all tribes in the vicinity to assemble immediately and attack the British forces at that point.

Gen Gordon's trusted messenger, George, has arrived at Abu Klea. He says almost all native accounts agree that Gen. Gordon, finding himself betrayed, made a rush for the magazine near the Catholic mission building. Finding the rebels already in possession, he returned to the Government house, and was killed trying to re-enter. Rebels were admitted to Khartoum at 10 at night, the 26th of January. Another account says Gen. Gordon rushed toward the magazine, intending to explode it, and thus prevent ammunition, of which there was tons, falling into the hands of enemies. The Arabs quickly realized his intention, and shot him dead.

The Command of Metemneh asked El Mahdi for guns and ammunition, as he is unable to fight the English with spears. The Mahdi replied: "Don't fight; wait awhile, and I will come and destroy the infidels." Latest reports deny Gen. Stewart is in a critical condition. He is reported doing well.

The annual Mardi Gras festivities were inaugurated at New Orleans Tuesday. Now is a good time to see the World's fair.

Ex-Senator Sharon, of Nevada, refused to pay Miss Hill, the amount awarded her and will take the case into the Supreme Court.

Queen Victoria continues in very poor health and it is not improbable that her long reign is drawing to a close.

Six young girls from Birmingham, England, arrived at Cincinnati, Ky., last Tuesday. They will find homes as domestics.

England has let the contract to build a railroad from Suakin on the Red sea to Berber on the Nile, a distance of about 300 miles through the desert.

John Parselle, aged 64 years, an actor at the Union Square Theatre, New York, dropped dead on the stage during a performance Tuesday night, of paralysis of the heart.

The bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list of the army, which passed the Senate, was beaten in the House Monday by a vote of 153 to 103, a two-thirds vote being necessary to pass it.

The signal service sent out a warning that another cold wave would start from the north Wednesday and reach this latitude by today. The thermometer will fall from 15 to 30 degrees.

Large numbers of northerners who visit the N. O. Exposition stop at Mammoth Cave to allow that attraction to "take them in." 500 visitors were there last week and hundreds were turned off because they could not be accommodated.

The Senatorial election in Illinois still hangs fire, both sides being afraid to risk a decisive vote. One ballot is taken a day, and only the Speaker votes, in order to meet the requirements of the law. An election will hardly be had this week.

Yesterday, Feb. 19, was the 21st anniversary of the establishment of the order of Knights of Pythias. The order now has a membership in the United States of nearly 200,000 and is rapidly growing stronger and increasing in popularity.

The Louisville Commercial gives a list of the fines paid by gamblers of Louisville since Gov. Knott has been in office. The aggregate is \$27,042.49 and there are \$12,920 more to be collected. Gov. Knott has remitted \$1,400 and respited \$2,450.

In the northern and eastern states the snow has interfered very seriously with railroad travel. In Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, New York and other states the snows have piled upon each other and still it continues to snow. It seems that the worst part of the winter is just coming on.

Mr. Chas. Q. C. Leigh, senior editor of the Paducah Standard, was married yesterday evening to Miss Effie Gardner, in the Broadway Methodist church, Paducah, and left immediately on a bridal tour to New Orleans. One of the bachelor editors are being picked off. Next!

In the Sharon divorce suit at San Francisco last Monday, Judge Sullivan gave his final decision awarding Sarah Althea Hill, the plaintiff \$55,000 counsel fees and \$2,500 per month alimony, dating from Jan., 1884. From this decision there is no appeal. It declares the plaintiff to be the ex-Senator's legal wife and grants her a divorce under the name of Mrs. Sharon. Rumor has it that the now wealthy adventuress is shortly to marry David S. Terry, one of her attorneys.

## KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE

The Somerset Republican appeared in octavo form last week.

Ex-Gov. Jno. P. St. John lectured on Prohibition in Louisville, Monday night.

Jas. Murray, col., aged 16, fatally cut Henry Murrell, another boy, in Warren county.

Chas. Mannel was shot to death by Eli Lucas at a negro dance at Louisville. Both colored.

The dead body of Richard Mullins was found in the woods in Kenton county, frozen stiff.

Judge M. T. Carpenter, one of the editors of the Shelby Sentinel, died last Sunday, aged 45 years.

At Vanceburg Henry Redden, while crazed with fever, blew out his brains with a shot-gun.

Geo. Harris, col., second cook on the Henderson transfer Iron Cliff, was drowned Tuesday, by falling overboard.

Sam Handley shot and killed McDonald Ward with a shot-gun, at Millersburg, near Leitchfield. There was no provocation.

Henry Patterson, first mate of the steamer Granite State, was killed by a falling shaft at the wharf at Louisville last Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bouy, aged 96, a widow of a soldier of 1812 and a U. S. pensioner, was burned to death, while alone in her house, near Falmouth.

In a shooting melee at a negro dance, near Maysville, the wife of John Small was accidentally killed by Oscar Bennett, who was shooting at Ben Robinson.

The grand jury of Franklin county has indicted the county Judge and Magistrates for failing to provide a jail with sufficient accommodations wherein to confine prisoners.

The tobacco barn of J. Q. A. King, near Flemingsburg, was burned Sunday by an incendiary. A fine stallion, all his farming implements and a large crop of tobacco were burned; loss \$1,000, wholly uninsured.

At Shelbyville last Sunday Wm Adams, a painter, murdered Miss Tine Wilmoth because she would not marry him and then committed suicide by shooting. They were found dead together where they had been walking on the railroad.

MEADE CO. NEWS: We learn that on Wednesday of last week, Mr. Jno. Devore, who was living on the John Bennett farm, was found dead in the road near the head of Wolf Creek. We were unable to get any of the particulars.

At Whitesburg, Letcher county, a Ku-Klux gang attempted to arrest Wash Craft last week and Craft shot and killed Wm. Cook the leader and put the others to flight. The entire county is rejoicing over Cook's fate. On the same day, near the same place one Banks, a murderer out on bond, shot and killed Ambrose Ambury in an altercation, and defies arrest. On the next day McClelland Adams, another member of the lawless gang, shot and killed Robt. Fleming on account of a little misunderstanding, making his second murder in thirty days. The outlaws defy the law and things are in a desperate strait.

Commercial: William Adams, who killed his sweetheart and committed suicide near Shelbyville Sunday, was buried near that city yesterday. A strange story was related to a Commercial reporter last night by a relative of the deceased. Adams owned a pet dog which was an inseparable companion in his moody wanderings. After his remains had been taken to his home the dog stationed himself close beside the body of his dead master and refused to be driven away. Just before the funeral services were performed the dog was locked up in a barn. After the interment a brother of Adams went to the barn to release the dog, but found he had burrowed a hole under the walls of the building and escaped. As the animal could not be found anywhere about the place, a visit was made to the new-made grave, where it was found that it had dug a shallow hole beside the grave and laid down. An effort was made to arouse the brute, but without avail, as it was stone dead.

### Preparing For March.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Some idea of the size of the pension building, where the biggest inaugural ball ever given in this country will be held on March 4, may be got from the fact that St. Peter's, at Rome, holds about 54,000 persons, while the pension building will hold about 59,000. Just now it is a wilderness of scaffolding, but order is coming out of chaos as if by magic. On Monday the canvas roof was put on. It's like a double A tent, with three great roof trees to support it besides an ingenious contrivance to hold it in place. No such ball-room was ever dreamed of as that of the great courtyard roofed over. It is surrounded by large balconies supported by 144 pillars. The space under these balconies makes a magnificent promenade.

The president will enter the room by the north door, which will be draped with crimson silk curtains. The opposite door will be concealed by a gigantic mirror. These entrances are really carriages, so their size may be imagined. The decoration will be of the most expensive material. The New York contractors have insured the decorations for \$50,000. The balconies will be hung

with dark red velvet, spangled with gold. Each of the 144 pillars will be hung with silk flags, while beneath the balconies will be hung shields hung with the coats of arms of the different states and territories, and hung with silk flags, tipped with silver spear points. The botanical gardens, the agricultural department and the white house will furnish unlimited palms and ferns.

President Cleveland will return to the custom of Washington and Jefferson and stand on a dais during the opening ceremonies of the ball. By his side will be a chair made of flowers, and the dais will have over it a canopy of flowers, such as ex-Senator Tabor was married under. Every bare spot on the wall will be covered with bunting, and the eight great pillars, reaching from floor to roof, will be covered with silica to represent marble. The electric light will be freely employed, and over the dais will be the American eagle done in gas jets. Among the ornaments will be the capitol made of flowers and large floral ships.

The supper will be served in the small rooms, Hunting Hammond, of the Murray Hill hotel, having the contract. It will cost \$150 to wax the floor for the dances. President Cleveland will dance the opening quadrille with Mrs. McElroy, and ex-President Arthur with Miss Cleveland.

A young man went to the committee on the ball room the other day and wanted to know how much it would cost to take himself and a young woman to the ball. The chairman stopped the scratching of his pen long enough to ask:

"Carriage?"

"No."

"Two tickets, \$10; two suppers, \$2; four car tickets, 20 cents—\$12.20. Good morning."

The government buildings on Pennsylvania avenue will be decorated by the clerks who have faith in civil service reform. Other private buildings will be decorated a week before the inauguration in order to spur up the public generally to do its duty in the way of ornamentation. Householders generally are requested to decorate and merchants will suspend business from March 3 to March 5. Three hundred extra policemen will be employed for the occasion. The electric light companies will illuminate everything, particularly the capitol, the white house, and the pension building, and among the fireworks will be a representation of Niagara 300 feet high, which will be let off from the Washington monument.

### MACEDONIA, KY.

Feb. 13, 1885.

We are having a great deal of sickness in some localities.

Mr. Abe Barnett, who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving very slowly.

Mr. W. S. Barnett is, I understand, very sick.

Mr. John F. Shelby, of this vicinity, has been very ill but is convalescing.

Mr. John W. Hicks, of Church Hill, was in this beat in the interest of Messrs. Hancock, Fraser & Ragdale, of Clarksville and Hopkinsville, this week.

Wheat is looking very sickly since the late hard freeze.

A certain woman of some notoriety went to Mr. J. R. Fuller's tobacco barn a few days ago and was retreating with a load of tobacco when Mrs. Fuller went and demanded the tobacco, when she threw down all but 4 or 5 hands which she said she would take in spite of hell, and she did.

ROUGH AND READY.

### TRIGG COUNTY ITEMS.

[From The Telephone.]

The protracted meeting at the Methodist Church in this city, conducted by Rev. V. Elgin, the Pastor, Presiding Elder J. S. Scoobe and Rev. Mr. Davenport, still continues with unabated interest.

Mr. George Lindsay, wife and daughter, Myrtle, Mrs. Rawlins and daughter, Garvie, Misses Mollie and Hattie Grinter, and Mr. R. S. Goodwin left for the exposition at New Orleans last Tuesday.

Mrs. Joicy Wilkinson, widow of the late Judge J. H. Wilkinson, died at her residence in this city Sunday Morning at 6 o'clock, February 8th, 1885. Mrs. Wilkinson was born in Virginia September 15th, 1816. Her maiden name was Tillerson. In 1834 she married. Sometime during the same year she came with her husband to Montgomery county Tennessee, where they resided a number of years. Nearly thirty years ago they moved to Cadiz where they lived until the death of each.

MARRIED, at the residence of the bride's father, Capt. G. T. Penn, near Cerulean Springs, Trigg county Ky., at 6 1/2 o'clock, Tuesday morning, February 3, 1885, by Rev. Mr. Davenport, Mr. W. C. Drane, of Newbern Tenn., to Miss Laura Penn.

Miss Burnie Williams, daughter of Dr. Williams, of Lamasco, Lyon county, and Mr. James T. Rice, also of Lamasco, were married at the residence of the bride's father on Thursday of last week. The bride is known as one of the most estimable young ladies of Lyon county. The groom is of one of the best families of that section and is a young man of fine promise. May their joys never grow less.

What about the telephone line from Cadiz to Hopkinsville which was talked of so much about a year ago? There were some claims on this territory then but there is none now. The way is open. If there is any one who would like to make a profitable investment they can do so by taking hold of such an enterprise. Lines connecting other towns, between which there is much less com-

# NO MORE COAL, CLOCKS OR

Watches given away by us after this month of February. So don't delay in taking advantage of our most liberal offer, viz.: With every Cash Purchase of goods to the amount of ten dollars or over we give you choice of above presents. Our prices are way down. Boy's Long Pants, \$1. Child's Short Pants, 55c. Plaited Shirt Waists, 20c. Men's Wool Socks only 10c. Men's Overcoats, \$3. Men's Satin-lined Suits only \$20. Men's Underwear at bottom figures. In fact everything way under actual value, and Presents thrown in besides.

## DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE,

Corner Fourth Avenue and Market Street.

Louisville, - - - - - Ky.

munication or business intercourse than there is between Cadiz and Hopkinsville, are sustained. It is thought by some that the patronage would wear out as the "new wears off." If its patronage was a matter of pleasure then that would doubtless be the case but it would be a matter of business mainly. This is a business and the people would soon become educated up to its usefulness. Such an enterprise would prove to be both profitable and useful. Other towns of less population and less capital than Cadiz have the use of the telephone and are moving on with their various enterprises. Let us arouse from our lethargy and listen no longer to old fogies and chronic croakers. We must do this or be left.

### THE COON BARBER ANSWERED.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 18, '85.

Ed. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

Thanking you for past favors in allowing me space in your most valuable paper, I now desire to bid my antagonist farewell through your columns. I mean the *Coon Barber*, who signs his name W. W. Gray. He asserts that a certain number of members called for letters from the Virginia street Baptist church and were refused, among whom he mentions Wyatt Watt, who was in our shop this morning and said in the presence of Sam Hawkins and Robert Jones, that he (Wyatt Watt) was at the church meeting and W. W. Gray the *Coon Barber*, was not. And says what he states is untrue, that he (Watt) did not call for any letter, and that no such resolution passed, that the *Coon Barber* says passed. Now the public can see that this *Coon Barber* has exerted all of his power and made himself a target, on what some body else has seen fit to tell him. Oh for a light to know a friend! Well I would have given it to you if you had asked me. There are seven deacons and over a hundred members who will testify to what I said about the resolution being true. Now he says that I think when I put my hat on I think I have put it on the only well developed head in Christian county. Now everybody who knows anything at all knows that is not so, but when the people want well developed heads, I know they would not put the hat on the *Coon Barber*, because his head never will develop. Now as he, W. W. Gray, the *Coon Barber*, has falsified I will point him to the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world that he may get pardon before he shall hear the voice of the everlasting Messenger saying "*Coon Barber* is too late! too late! you have sinned away the day of grace."

Now you are an ex-deacon of the Virginia Baptist church and you resigned because Wyatt Watt and myself were elected over your head to represent said church in the General Association of the Missionary Baptists of Kentucky last August. Say would you undertake to deny that? Well of course not, because you know you told the church so.

Now in conclusion if I were you I would take a lesson from the Ground Hog. I would go in my hole and stay forty days and come out and say to the public "The next time I write I will say what I do know, and testify what I have seen." I am your friend in the right.

I can still be found at Hawkins & Co's, Barbours on Russellville street opposite Schmitt's confectionery.

ISAIAH H. JONES, Secretary of Virginia St. Baptist Church.

### BEVERLEY.

Ed. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

Beverley is located on the Palmyra road, 8 miles south of Hopkinsville. It is a neat village of about 150 people. It has no fine churches with tall steeples and far-ranging bells, but it has as clever and kindhearted citizens as can be found in Kentucky. It has two stores, two doctors' offices, a blacksmith's shop with its wheelwright department, a masonic hall, three churches in the neighborhood, two warehouses and a postoffice. We have mail every day except Sun-

day, when it is not too cold, as it comes by horse-back. Our merchants Mr. M. R. Bradshaw and T. H. Major & Co., have a large local trade. Our physicians, Dr. J. L. Dulin and Dr. A. Kenner are of high standing in their profession. We have two schools, one white and one colored. The former is taught by Miss Mamie Henry and the latter by Rev. Jas. Allensworth. They are taught five months in the year. I must say that I have met with great encouragement on the part of the white citizens of this neighborhood in assisting me in trying to show my colored friends the importance of educating their children. Locust Grove church is a Baptist church with a large congregation. It is under the pastoral charge of Rev. W. B. Walker, who has been pastor for twenty years or more. Liberty is the name of the Christian church. It also has a neat house and a flourishing congregation embracing many of the substantial farmers of the vicinity. Rev. Wm. Stanley is the pastor.

Springhill Church is the colored church. It has a house that reflects great credit upon the colored people of the neighborhood. It has a membership of about 200 and is under the pastoral charge of the writer, who has been its pastor for eight years.

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SEP. 19 6mo.

Notice of Incorporation.

The undersigned, in behalf of themselves and of the members of the "Hopkinsville Union Aid Society," have associated themselves to be incorporated under chapter 26 of the General Statute of Kentucky. The name of the corporation is to be the "Hopkinsville Union Aid Society" and its principal place of business is to be Hopkinsville, a suburb of Hopkinsville Christian county, Ky. The society is organized for charitable purposes, and its business is to establish other similar societies in Kentucky, to issue warrants for same, to charge fees for such warrants, to assess and collect initiation fees and periodical dues and fines on its members, to provide for the investment and management of its funds, and to appropriate or use same and the profits thereof, for the relief of its members, and the burial of its dead. The corporation exists from February 7, 1885, and shall continue for twenty-five years. The affairs of the corporation to be conducted by a quorum, "its directors" and its trustees, consisting of three of its members who are to be elected annually, the indefiniteness of the society is not to exceed \$50, and the private property of its members is not to be subject to the debts of the society.

CORPORATORS: Joe Buckner, Joseph Massey, Wm. Allen, Ed. Buckner, John Buckner, Wm. Buckner, Wallace Bradshaw, Gabriel Gaines, Wm. Allen, Ed. Buckner, Thomas Fruit, Henry Young, Dock Fox.

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A Boarding School for Young Ladies. The spring session was opened on Monday, Jan. 20th, 1885 and continues 20 weeks. Eight teachers. Terms as hereafter. For catalogue or information apply to

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